#SummertimeSlick 2017 Ficlets

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#SummertimeSlick 2017 Ficlets

by popsicle_stick

Summary

Short prompt fills for the Hannigram A-B-O Library's #SummertimeSlick event!

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True Mates

The minute he walked into Jack's office, he knew.

He froze at the threshold, eyes fixed on the floor as his nostrils flared.

Oak.
Bergamot.
Blood.

A pair of expensive looking Oxfords entered his peripheral vision. Will shuddered, breaking out of his trance, and then turned in place and exited the office. As the door clicked behind him he broke into a run. He barely heard Jack shouting his name over the roar of his heartbeat in his head.

Alpha. Mate. His brain chanted with each beat of his feet on the tile floor. He didn't even know why or where he was going, skidding wildly through the halls. But another part of him, remembering something primal, whispered: *Chase me.*

He made it out of building, dodging students and rushing into the forest surrounding the academy. He shielded his face with his arms, hissing as small branches whipped against his skin. Eventually he stumbled to the forest floor, his breath coming in bursts as he dug his fingers into the dirt and leaves.

He only had a moment of respite before he felt the warm press of another body above his. Strong hands grasped his wrists. *Oak. Bergamot. Blood.*

"Hello Mr. Graham." The voice was accented and maddeningly polite. The bastard didn't even sound winded. He felt the soft graze of lips across his ear followed by a sharp intake of breath against the nape of his neck - the alpha was scenting him. Will snarled and pitched his weight to the side, trying to buck the alpha off his back. The alpha held fast as he went down, pulling his wrists against his chest and locking one leg over Will's hips.

"It is very rare to find an omega with an intact fight and flight response." The alpha sounded pleased.

Will strained against the alpha, growling. He wrenched one arm up and bit the hand grasping his wrist, drawing blood and weakening the alpha's grip momentarily. Will twisted his hand free and rolled to the side, escaping all but the alpha's hold on his second wrist. He pushed himself up into a crouch and got his first good look at the alpha.

The man was older than him, with grey-blonde hair and severe cheekbones. A beige suit jacket over a beige sweater, both now streaked with dirt. Deep set, maroon eyes. *Oak. Bergamot. Blood.*

"True mates are bullshit." Will hissed. He licked his lips, tasting the alpha's blood.

“Yet here were are.” The alpha smiled. “You knew. You ran. I chased. And now, I have caught you.” He looked pointedly at his grasp on Will’s wrist.

“I’m not going to submit to you because my goddamn lizard brain decided it wants to bone you.” Will snapped.

“Of course not.” The alpha replied placidly, something twinkling in his gaze. Fondness? Curiosity? After a moment the man released Will’s wrist and relaxed against the forest floor. He rolled his head to the side, bearing his neck in submission to Will.

“What are you-?” Will stuttered, his eyes locked on the alpha’s neck. Against his will he felt a pleased purr begin to vibrate through his body.

“Submitting to my mate, of course.” The man replied, a ghost of a smile playing about his lips.

“What- What’s your name?” Will asked, his brow furrowing with confusion.

“Hannibal Lecter.”

Well damn if he didn’t find him interesting.

References to Knotting

Chapter Summary

Will wasn't sure he was going to make it through the third act.

"You have an extra ticket to the opera and you're asking me?" Will was flabbergasted.

"If it isn't to your taste- " Hannibal began, but was swiftly cut off.

"No, no, it's fine. I'm just surprised you would ask me. I'm not exactly, uh, high society."

"One does not need a noble title in order to enjoy the opera."

"One might need to know something a bit more sophisticated than a smattering of Creole French, though."

"It would be my pleasure to provide translations."

Will wasn't sure he was going to make it through the third act.

Will had been prepared to deal with an uncomfortable suit, high-pitched arias, boring exposition and even small talk with Hannibal's opera-going acquaintances. He had not been prepared to deal with Hannibal whispering flowery descriptions of an omegan heat in his ear.

"I burn, a passionate fire! My body is no longer my own, it is that of a fevered creature - longing only to consume and be consumed." Hannibal murmured, translating the lyrical cries of the actor onstage.

Will could feel the warmth of Hannibal's breath on the shell of his ear. He could smell the cardamom and cinnamon spice of Hannibal's omegan scent. A muscle twitched in Will's jaw as he clenched his teeth and tried to will his growing erection away.

"Where is my alpha? Only the cool press of his touch can fill the hollow in my soul." Hannibal continued. "Until we are bound together, this ache will drive me to madness!"

Will *definitely* wasn't going to make it through the third act.

Popsicles

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes paletas.

Hannibal was busy in the kitchen when Will returned from his mid-afternoon jog. A line of chocolate-covered ice pops sat on a wire rack, excess chocolate dripping into a pan below.

“You made popsicles?” Will asked, eyebrows raised in surprise.

“Paletas. A traditional Mexican frozen confection.” Hannibal corrected, slipping the last paleta from its silicone mold and dipping it into the waiting pot of chocolate.

“You made popsicles.” Will grinned. He plucked the freshly-finished treat from Hannibal’s hand and popped it into his mouth. Hannibal gave a half-hearted tsk as he watched Will devour the paleta, a slight smile softening the corners of his mouth.

Will gave a small hum of approval at the taste which tapered off into a soft sound of confusion and then realization. He removed the paleta from his mouth and licked the chocolate from his lips.

“Chocolate, chili, salt and basil.” Will listed off accusingly. “Hannibal. Did you make a popsicle that tastes like me?”

“How curious.” Hannibal deadpanned. ”That must be what drew me to the recipe.”

“Mmhm, must be.” Will agreed dryly. “Should I be flattered or worried?”

“Flattered, of course. “ Hannibal reassured, ducking down to kiss the taste from Will’s lips.

Broken Aircon

Chapter Summary

> “Hello, Will. My apologies for the heat.” Hannibal greeted him at the office door.

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Will couldn’t help but stare.

Hannibal was the most dressed down he had ever seen him, no suit jacket, no vest. Just a button up with the sleeves rolled up and just enough buttons undone to see the beginnings of silvery chest hair.

“Uh?” Will stammered.

“The air conditioner gave out around midday. I’ve opened the windows but it’s gotten progressively worse.”

“Ah.” Will replied, still unable to muster more than a single syllable.

He allowed himself to be ushered into the office. That’s when he noticed the scent. The air was thick with it, musky and herbal. Thoroughbred alpha. Will felt faint. He made a clumsy beeline to the nearest window.

“Are you quite alright?” Hannibal frowned, watching the omega’s shaky movements.

“Yeah, it’s just a bit… of a sensory overload.” Will gasped out, gripping the sill tightly.

“Ah, my apologies. I thought with your suppressants…” Hannibal trailed off.

“There’s only so much modern medicine can do.” Will replied, his voice strained.

“I am very sorry.” Hannibal apologized again. ”I’d be happy to reschedule for later this week to spare you the distress?”

“Distress isn’t exactly the word I’d use.” Will ducked his head and ran one shaky hand through his curls.

“... Ah.” Hannibal exhaled softly, drawing closer to the omega.

“Sorry, that was - Forget it. I… uh, yeah, rescheduling is a good idea.” Will stepped back from the window and right into Hannibal’s solid frame. Strong hands gripped his biceps. The air seemed even thicker now, like honey in his lungs, suffocating. He felt a slight rush of air

at the nape of his neck - Hannibal, scenting him. The realization wrenched a low whine from his chest.

Hannibal hummed, pleased. “I must admit, Will. I find your scent quite agreeable as well.”

Later - much later - the pair stepped out into the balmy night, disheveled and sweaty from more pleasurable things than faulty temperature controls, and made their way to Hannibal’s home for dinner. There, Hannibal spoiled his dear omega with fresh liver pâté sourced from a very rude air conditioning repairman.

Swimming Pool

Chapter Summary

Technically it's a hot tub.

Hannibal padded out onto the raised patio cradling two glasses of white wine. Will was stretched out in the hot tub, head lolling back against the deck, damp curls clinging to the light wood. *Beautiful.* Hannibal thought, a soft smile crinkling the corners his eyes. The image of Will at ease still hadn't lost it's luster, not after Will had spent so long fighting against his own nature. Hannibal crouched down to set one glass aside the tub and press a kiss to Will's temple. The gentle click of glass on wood and the gentle press of lips to skin. Brilliant blue eyes crack open lazily, glassy with the last tendrils of heat.

"Hannibal." Will sighed, tilting his nose towards his alpha and inhaling deeply.

Hannibal took a deep breath of his own. Will smelled like the sea, calming but dangerous, with sweeter notes of jasmine and honey. He caressed Will's neck gently before standing and continuing across the deck to a lounge chair.

"Hannibaaaal." Will whined softly as he departed.

Hannibal settled into the chair and looked back towards the hot tub. Will had shifted forward, crossed arms resting on the deck and chin resting atop one wrist. His gaze was heavy-lidded, predatory.

"Hannibal, I want." Will drawled plaintively.

"My dear, if I knot you again I fear what you'll do to me in the morning. You remember Paris." Hannibal chided, raising his glass to his nose. *Oak and, again, jasmine. Fitting.*

Will pouted. "Then give me something else."

Greedy boy. "What would you like?"

"I want…" Will made a production of looking thoughtful. "... a show." His omega smiles - a slow, hungry smile.

Hannibal took a sip of wine - *Tart apple* - before setting his glass aside and swiping his tongue out to lick the last traces of alcohol from his lips. Watched Will's eyes track the movement.

"If my omega wishes, I will provide." He smiled indulgently and began to unbutton his shirt, revealing a strip of lightly tanned skin dusted with salt and pepper hair. Will's fingers

clenched reflexively at the sight.

Hannibal flicked his shirt open and carded one hand through his chest hair, indulging Will's unspoken desire. Over the sternum, the clavicle, the column of his throat. He turned his head to the side give Will a better view of the scarred mating bite just under his jawline. He let his eyes flutter closed as he pressed into the old wound.

He had no pendulum, but he did have impeccable memory. Layer by layer, he reconstructed their basement. *A concrete floor. A stainless steel table. The shredded remains of a body. Will. Bared teeth a flash of white against the dark blood painting his skin.*

Hannibal deftly undid his fly and slipped a hand under his waistband. He thumbed his slit once, smearing precome along the head, before tugging his cock free and pushing his pants down to sit under his swelling knot.

"What are you thinking about?" Will's voice murmured.

"Mmm, the girl from the dry cleaner last month." Hannibal replied. He smirked at Will's answering huff.

"Well then, it's a good thing I killed her."

"You let me feed her to you." Hannibal hummed. *The Will in his mind moved closer now. Bloodlust sated, pupils blown, mouth opening.*

"Raw." Will's voice echoed his image's.

"*Yes.*" Hannibal breathed, his voice rough. "You were… glorious."

Will groaned and Hannibal's eyes slipped open. Ravenous maroon locked with fevered blue. One of Will's hands had slipped from the deck back under the water.

His knot had swelled to fullness.

"You just like me covered in blood." Will gasped, flushed prettily from lust and the heat of the water.

"It suits you." Hannibal growled at the memory and pressed against his knot. *Will dripping with red. A perfect cube of flesh balanced atop his pink tongue.* "You wear their blood like a cloak of garnets. A vengeful god… dressed in the offerings of the undeserving."

"Next time… I want to taste their beating heart." Will hissed.

At that Hannibal snarled, hips snapping upwards. His knot ached. His muscles tensed, approaching the precipice of release. *Dear Will, delightful Will. Still surprising him.*

"Yes, yes." Will urged breathlessly.

A few more flicks of the wrist and Hannibal toppled over the edge into orgasm, stripes of come painting his chest and dripping down onto his fist. He kneeled forward off of the chair

and onto his knees and clean hand, panting heavily. Will watched with wide eyes as Hannibal offered his soiled hand to his omega.

Will *whined* and took Hannibal's fingers into his mouth, wet hands clutching at Hannibal's open shirt.

Hannibal grinned at that, a rare thing. He crept forward as Will sucked at his hand, hot tongue dipping into the sensitive spaces between his fingers, and began to comb his free hand through Will's damp curls. Will shuddered in his hands, one low moan signaling his climax, and then collapsed forward towards his alpha.

Hannibal settled one hand at the nape of Will's neck and ducked his head to press kisses to Will's curls. *Jasmine. Sweet Will.* Gentled, Will lapsed into a contented silence.

A few moments passed before Hannibal's lips curled into a mischievous smile.

"Did you enjoy your dinner and a show?" He inquired innocently.

He felt rather than saw Will's soft smile drop into a scowl.

"You're absolutely *awful*." The omega pressed his face into the crook of his neck and growled.

Trope Tuesday II (Heat Specialist)

Chapter Summary

An omegan heat wasn’t exactly all fun and orgasms.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

An omegan heat wasn’t exactly all fun and orgasms. Sure, you got a few rounds of that a day, but in between the peaks of all-consuming lust there were the valleys of sticky discomfort.

Heat was slick constantly dripping down your thighs on your way to the bathroom. Heat was almost cracking your head open on your way *out* of the bathroom because you forgot about the dribbly trail of body fluids you were tracking around like a human slug. Heat was realizing you were completely out of clean bedding on day three and having to sleep in a scratchy nest of towels. Heat was cramping and aching and *empty* muscles after the rush of endorphins faded away.

Suffice it to say, William Graham had never been a fan of his heats.

He didn’t really see how adding a stranger to the mix was really going to help anything.

He glared at the white business card. *Dr. Hannibal Lecter, Certified Heat Specialist.*

“Oh come on, Will. Alana vouched for him, I’m sure it’ll be great. Treat yourself!” Bev coaxed, playfully nudging him with an elbow.

“He’s got good ratings. And some killer cheekbones.” Price chimed in, waggling his eyebrows.

Will scowled the card. And at Bev. And Jimmy. And at the card again for good measure.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm a horrible tease. I couldn't make the rest of it work! Perhaps another day, Dr. Lecter.

Arranged Marriage

Chapter Summary

"You're joking." Will stated flatly, staring at the folder Jack had pushed across the desk.

"You're joking." Will stated flatly, staring at the folder Jack had pushed across the desk.

"We can't have you out there unmated, Will. You know what could happen."

"Unmated agents have gone berserk a total of - what, I don't know - two times? What kind of shit statistics brought this on?"

"I promised Alana I wouldn't let you get too close. This is the most effective way to keep you grounded. If you want to go into the field-"

"*Want?*" Will interrupted. "You came to me! I said I didn't want to look!"

"- you're going to have to agree to these terms." Jack continued placidly.

Will tipped his head back against the chair and closed his eyes.

"So I have no say in this?"

"No."

"Who-" Will scrubbed his hands over his face. "Who are they?"

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Alana contacted him on our behalf."

"A psychiatrist? A psychiatrist. Out of all the people you could pick, a fucking-" Will bit off the curse and pressed his fingers into his temples. "What does he think? Did he agree to this?"

"Yes."

"Why? What could you have possibly said to convince him to do this?"

"I told him what I told you. That he would be saving lives."

"By ruining his own. And mine."

"*Will.*" Jack sighed.

“Look. Look. If you’re going to- If this is... I need to go home and think about this. Do you have the guy’s number?”

“It’s in the file.”

Will sat slumped low in his armchair by the empty fireplace, a tumbler of bourbon in one hand.

He stared at the folder perched on the ottoman.

The ice in his glass clinked as he took another slow sip.

His phone rang and rang. He ignored it.

A week later, Will was startled out of a nightmare by a knock at his door. He bolted upright in bed, sweaty and panting and feeling the ghostly brush of feathers on his skin. Winston rested his chin on the edge of the bed and whined.

A second knock startled a bark out of Buster. Will fumbled for his glasses and started weaving his way through the sea of agitated dogs to his front door.

“For fuck’s sake, Jack-” He wrenched open his front door but his tirade died abruptly as he realized that the person at his door was not Jack Crawford.

“Good morning, Mr. Graham. May I come in?”

Hannibal Lecter was at his door in a three-piece suit. There had been a picture in the folder.

“Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal smiled. “I hope you’ll forgive the intrusion. I brought breakfast as penance.” He lifted a thermos and insulated bag illustratively. “May I come in?

“Uh, yeah. Sure.” Will stepped aside and held the door open for the doctor. He led Hannibal to the sparsely furnished kitchen and watched in silence as Hannibal began unpacking his bag.

“I’m very careful about what I put into my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself.” Hannibal commented, placing two glass mugs atop Will’s weathered kitchen table and unscrewing the thermos. He poured the coffee and offered one mug to Will.

“Is that why you’re here?” Will asked, taking the steaming mug. “Being careful about what you put into your body?”

“Crass, but not entirely inaccurate.” Hannibal hummed, opening two tupperwares of what appeared to be a sausage and egg scramble.

“Did Jack send you?” Will asked, sipping his coffee.

“Despite his frustrations at your unavailability, Jack has the utmost faith that you will choose the righteous path.” Hannibal replied as he finished arranging the containers. He motioned for Will to sit. “I sent myself. I did attempt to call ahead, but I suspect your phone has been dead for some time.”

“I think one of the dogs buried it under their bed.” Will smirked and took a bite of the scramble. “... This is delicious. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” Hannibal smiled again, this one seemed more genuine.

“Why did you agree to Jack’s proposal?” Will asked.

“You don’t think I was swayed by the logic of the greater good?”

“No. I think that emotional appear would only ensnare the most naive and starry-eyed omegas, and even then only for the moment. You’re too cold for that. I can tell that much.”

“Interesting. Why do *you* think I agreed?”

“My best guess? You’re a psychiatrist. You want a look around inside my head. I wouldn’t bother, it’s not a pretty place.”

“I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love.”

Will glanced up, briefly meeting Hannibal’s eyes through the shifting steam. They are the exact color of the dried blood on Elise Nichols’ white nightgown.

“I don’t want to bond with you.” Will stated flatly.

“You will.” Hannibal replied, his lips curving into a smile against the smooth edge of his glass.

William Graham and Hannibal Lecter are married on November 3rd, 2013.

Hannibal’s suit is cream with brown stitching. His tie and pocket square are a matching deep red paisley. Will has dug out his one nice black suit from the back of his closet and removed most of the dog hair. They briefly exchange bonding bites and kiss the paperwork to sign it. Blood drips onto Hannibal’s collar and the stain matches his tie. Blood drips onto Will’s collar, invisible except for a slight wet shimmer.

They leave Baltimore for Minnesota later that day.

On November 4th, the newly dubbed William Graham-Lecter kills Garret Jacob Hobbs with nine shots to the torso. Hannibal Lecter-Graham stems the flow of blood from Abigail Hobbs’ slashed neck, saving her life.

Will and Hannibal sat side-by-side in plastic chairs and watched the ebb and flow of nurses and doctors around Abigail's unconscious body.

"How do you feel?" Hannibal inquired softly, voice rough with exhaustion.

"You know how I feel." Will snapped, pressing a hand to the gauze covering his fresh bonding mark.

They sat in silence for a long moment, surrounded by the hums and beeps of the hospital.

Will felt the shift of air as Hannibal turned his head and leaned closer.

"Killing him felt good." Hannibal whispered into his ear.

Will clenched his jaw and stared resolutely forward, waiting for the flood of judgement through their nascent link. But all that came across was faint curiosity. Warmth. Acceptance. Grounding.

See?

Sex Toys... (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Sex toy designer Will Graham is looking for someone to manufacture his line of toys, but is finding everyone's craftsmanship lacking. His friend Alana eventually connects him with her old mentor, Hannibal Lecter, who has a small manufacturing company in Baltimore...

Will scowled at the dildo in his hand.

“You call these skin tones?” He snapped into the cell phone at his ear. “These are closer to orange and purple than beige and brown. And the color isn’t even evenly mixed! No - no, don’t you dare try and sell me some line about marbling, Mr. Chilton. I know how this shit is made.”

Will paced back and forth in his corner of the office, punctuating his sentences with angry wags of the silicone penis. Across the room, Beverly snorted into her coffee.

“There’s barely any detail on the surface, I don’t understand how you messed up the mold that badly. And the silicone on the knot is paper-thin in places. It wouldn’t survive a slight breeze, much less inflation. What the hell kind of company are you running, Chilton?”

“Oh yeah? Well same to you!” Will jabbed the end call button with his thumb.

“So, I’m going to mark down Chilton & Sons as a ‘No’?” Beverly ventured. Will chucked the dildo at the wall. It made a dull thwap against the drywall. “Yeah, definitely a no. And I’ll burn the business card so you don’t end up tracking him down and strangling him.”

“I just need *one company*. One company that cares about quality and doesn’t balk at the idea of manufacturing sex toys.” Will slumped into his chair, dragging his hands over his face.

“Sorry boss. You want me to call Alana one more time? Maybe someone cancelled on her and she has a free slot.”

“Yeah.” Will sighed. “It’s worth a try.”

“I’m sorry, Will. I’m still booked up.” Alana’s voice crackled over the speakerphone.

“It’s fine, I knew it was a long shot.”

“If you’re willing to risk another new company, I might have something for you, though.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I finally got in touch with an old mentor of mine, Hannibal Lecter. He runs a small factory in Baltimore. Mostly metalworking but he can do silicone. He’s notoriously picky about his clients, but that does mean he’s not totally full up. And I think he’d appreciate your craftsmanship.”

“And he knows I design sex toys?”

“As long as it’s beautifully made, he doesn’t care. Do you want me to send him your contact info?”

“Sure. Can’t be worse than Chilton.”

Sex Toys... (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal Lecter's office was a in a glossy suite in downtown Baltimore, all concrete and glass. The waiting room was punctuated with surprisingly organic furniture. Leather and wood and bone.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal Lecter's office was a in a glossy suite in downtown Baltimore, all concrete and glass. The waiting room was punctuated with surprisingly organic furniture. Leather and wood and bone.

Will fidgeted with his bag and stared up at the sign. *Kriukis*. It looked like it was painted in the air with molten bronze. If it was an example of Hannibal's workmanship, he was heartened. He leaned forward to get a better look at the surface of the sculpture.

"Mr. Graham. Good afternoon."

Will jumped and swiveled towards the sound.

"My apologies, I didn't mean to startle you." The office door was open and Hannibal Lecter stood in the doorway. He wore a mixed plaid suit that would have looked garish if it was just a tad less well executed. "Please, come in." He stepped back and motioned for Will to enter.

The office was lined with sharp, branching sculptures and collections of parts in glass display cases. A heavy wooden desk and two wide mid-century modern chairs sat in the center, anchored on a plush rug. Hannibal took one chair and motioned for Will to take the other.

"Alana speaks very highly of your work." He commented, watching Will settle into his seat.

"She, uh, also speaks highly of yours." Will replied. "Which is why I'm hoping this works out. Frankly, I'm sick of dealing with slurs and subpar casts."

"I heard about your run-in with Fredrick. He was unspeakably rude." Hannibal frowned.

"I was more offended by the quality of his work." Will grumbled. "But, yeah. A lot of people don't… appreciate my products. Especially the ones for same-dynamic and trans-dynamic folks."

“It’s a pity the community is so close-minded. You certainly won’t find those tasteless biases here.”

“Thank you.” Some of the tension released from Will’s shoulders. “Ah, I brought some samples of the pieces I cast myself?”

“Please. I’d love to see them.”

Will opened his bag and removed a plastic case. He clicked open the clasps and cracked it open to reveal a variety of objects nestled in foam. “This a prototype for my flagship item.” He explained, lifting a lovingly crafted alpha cock from it’s slot and passing it to Hannibal. “It’s a knotting strap on. The, uh, wearer can use their pelvic muscles to clench the smaller insertable end to inflate the knot, and there’s a hidden valve at the base they can press to deflate it.”

Hannibal turned the piece over in his hands, fingers ghosting along surface to test for uneven textures or seams. It was well made with subtle sculpted veining hand painted details. Hannibal gave the pump a few experimental squeezes and watched the knot swell. “Exquisite.”

The tips of Will’s ears reddened. “Thank you.”

“I will work with you, Mr. Graham. If you will work with me, of course. And if you will allow me to provide input on your designs. I won’t manufacture anything that doesn’t meet my standards.”

“Uh, don’t you want to see the rest of the sample pieces…?”

“Of course.” Hannibal smiled. “But I sincerely doubt I will change my mind. Would you like to see some of my samples, first?”

Will nodded, confusion and surprise creasing his brow.

From: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
To: hlecter@kriukis.com
Date: Fri, April 5, 2013 at 2:03pm
Subject: Re: Sample casts en route, expect Friday.

Mr. Lecter,

Just got the samples. They really are perfect, I’m very happy with the detail and the color. I’d ideally like to stock five of the skin tones to start. Would you be alright with me sending some of these along to some trusted testers to get their feedback?

Thanks,
Will Graham

From: hlecter@kriukis.com
To: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
Date: Mon, May 13, 2013 at 8:00am
Subject: Mixed-density experiment.

William,

If all has gone well with the post, you should be getting a few extra items today along with the first run of product. I think the mixture of different silicone densities leads to a more realistic and complex experience. I'm particularly fond of sample #4, please let me know your thoughts.

Best,
Hannibal Lecter

From: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
To: hlecter@kriukis.com
Date: Tues, May 28, 2013 at 3:54am
Subject: Human-safe dissolving materials?

Hannibal,

Hhad to get this down before I forgot. If we can make a capsule or something that slowly dissolves from moisture or heat, we can make something that imitates heat slick. Rice paper?

Will

From: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
To: hlecter@kriukis.com
Date: Tues, May 28, 2013 at 3:58am
Subject: Re: Human-safe dissolving materials?

Like, lube suppositories. Do you know anyone that makes lubricants?

From: hlecter@kriukis.com
To: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
Date: Sat, July 13, 2013 at 10:24pm
Subject: Re: Omega line options.

Will,

While all six of your creations are quite beautiful, I find #1 and #3 the most charming. I think we should start with those two, perhaps making #3 slightly wider to differentiate it from #4 down the line?

Yours,
Hannibal

From: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
To: hlecter@kriukis.com
Date: Mon, July 22, 2013 at 5:30pm
Subject: Re: Re: Omegean sleeves?

What if put the slick suppositories into the sleeves? I think that would work?
Also, I told Price and Zeller that scented lubes 13 through 17 were a no go. Honestly, I still think 15 wasn't that bad. Then again, I still don't get why you hate my aftershave.

Will

--

From: hlecter@kriukis.com
To: williamgraham@tackleandbox.com
Date: Thurs, Aug 1, 2013 at 8:43pm
Subject: Re: Should I bring something for dinner?

Dearest Will,

You need only bring yourself.

Hannibal

Chapter End Notes

It looks like this is going to be three or four parts.

Sex Toys... (Part 3)

Chapter Summary

The final chapter! Dinner! Hopes! Knotting!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dearest Will.

Will had checked the message nearly hourly since it arrived, and then triple-checked it on his way out the door. Even now, idling in Hannibal's driveway, he unlocked his phone and took a moment to re-read the short email.

Dearest Will.

You really could only have so many dick-centered conversations with a handsome Omega before developing a bit of an infatuation. Hannibal's sharp cheekbones and Lithuanian accent also didn't hurt.

Will knew that Hannibal was at at least… not averse to the idea of a same-dynamic romance. In fact, his feedback on some of the products had been *suspiciously* thorough.

He shouldn't get his hopes up.

Dearest Will.

He *really* shouldn't get his hopes up.

Will sighed and shut off his car. He grabbed the bottle of wine from the passenger side floorboard and made his way up the drive to the front door. Hannibal's house was... stately. Three stories of pale brick, tall windows with dark wood trim, columns flanking the entrance.

Will sucked in a shaky breath, clenched his jaw, and knocked.

A few moments later, Hannibal opened the door and ushered him in.

"Will, you have impeccable timing. I just finished up in the kitchen."

Will held out the bottle of Sauvignon Blanc and Hannibal took the offered bottle. "I know you said not to bring anything, but.." Will shrugged.

"Thank you, I believe it will pair nicely with tonight's meal." He smiled.

Later, after what could only be described as the best salmon Will had ever had in his life, they stood in Hannibal's kitchen chatting over their second glasses of wine.

"I must admit an ulterior motive to inviting you over tonight." Hannibal confessed. "I have an idea for a product I think you'll be interested in."

"Oh?" Will tried to suppress his disappointment. *Fuck, it was about work. Hopes dashed.*

"I imagine you are aware of 'cock sheaths?'"

"Yeah, I've seen some. Mostly marketed for expanding size or providing some sort of non-human shape or texture. Haven't tried my hand making one yet."

"I think it could be a good avenue for adapting your original strap-on."

"A wearable inflatable knot, basically. Could go minimal, for the beta or omega with a penis that wants to knot their partner without reducing sensation. Could also do a more full sheath approach if someone wants added length or girth. Yeah... I think that would work." Will drained his glass, brow furrowed.

"I may have taken the liberty of trying my own hand at adapting your work." Hannibal added, watching Will walk over to sink with his empty glass.

"Did you? How did it turn out?" Will asked as he set his wineglass in the sink.

There was a slight shift in the air and Hannibal's arm brushed against his as Hannibal set his own wine glass next to Will's.

"Perhaps I can show you now that we're finished here?" The reply was whispered against the shell of his ear.

Hopes were back online.

Will shivered and licked his lips. "Hannibal, I realize you might think this a bit redundant at this point, but… are you propositioning me?"

Will heard the quiet sound of Hannibal's smile. "That is the idea, yes."

Will groaned and leaned back into Hannibal's chest. "Fuck, are you wearing it right now?"

"I am." Hannibal replied, his hands settling on Will's waist. Will felt the soft brush of lips on the side of his neck, Hannibal was scenting him. "I am an omega, to be clear. Am I correct in assuming that is your preference?"

"Yeah," Will turned in Hannibal's arms and gave a shy grin. "I didn't get into same-dynamic sex toys purely for altruistic reasons."

Hannibal matched his grin for a moment before ducking down to slot his lips against Will's. Fuck, it was perfect. Will raked his fingers down Hannibal's back, pulling their bodies flush against one another. He felt the press of Hannibal's hardening cock against his thigh.

“Show me?” He whispered against Hannibal’s lips, brushing his fingers lightly over Hannibal’s waistband.

Hannibal nipped at Will’s lower lip. His hand brushed by Will’s as he worked to undo his fly. Will sighed and leaned away slightly so he could watch as Hannibal freed his erection. Smaller than an alpha’s, but not by much, and at the base a silicone knot masterfully matched to his skin tone.

“Beautiful.” Will breathed, kneeling down for a closer look.

“I adjusted the design so it there would only be a complete seal when the wearer was fully erect, thereby-”

“Hannibal.” Will interrupted. “At the moment, I really couldn’t give a fuck how you did it.”

He brushed his fingers down Hannibal’s length from head to knot before turning his hand and tracing the silicone tube at the base back towards Hannibal’s hole. Wet. Will moaned and leaned forward to take Hannibal’s head into his mouth.

Hannibal hissed, fingers clenching into Will’s curls.

Will hummed in encouragement and sunk further down, lips brushing the base of the knot. He could smell Hannibal now, the sweetness of omega slick mixed with something bright, like juniper. Will pressed the flat of his tongue against Hannibal’s cock and rubbed his fingers around Hannibal’s slick rim. He felt Hannibal clench and the silicone knot swelled against his lips.

Will pulled back and panted for breath. He brought his damp fingers to his mouth and tasted Hannibal’s slick. “Hannibal. I need you to knot me.”

At that Hannibal snarled and pushed Will down to the kitchen floor, hands grasping at Will’s pants. Will writhed and arched his hips to assist Hannibal in their removal. He gasped at the shock of cold tile against bare skin, and then again at the warm swipe of Hannibal’s tongue against his twitching hole. “God!”

Hannibal let out a pleased purr before drawing back and replacing his tongue with the head of his cock.

“Next time, I will enjoy you thoroughly.” He promised before beginning to press into Will.

“Fuck fuck fuck.” Will chanted. Neither one of them was going to last long.

Hannibal rested for a moment, fully seated, before beginning to draw back. The knot dragged as it exited Will, pulling a high pitched keen from the omega. In turn, Hannibal whined and clenched around the toy, pumping the knot towards fullness.

This cycle continued for what felt to both like eons, but was likely only minutes, until the knot was stretched full and Hannibal was caught inside of Will. He continued to thrust shallowly until Will shouted and came suddenly around the knot, swiftly drawing Hannibal to completion as well.

After a bit of cleanup, Hannibal and Will laid sprawled out on Hannibal's couch, Will humming contentedly into Hannibal's neck as Hannibal carded a hand through his curls.

Before too long, Will felt his interest returning. "So. " He drawled, looking up innocently through his lashes. "I think we might have a viable product. But we really ought to test it's durability, shouldn't we?"

"It would be irresponsible not to." Hannibal replied solemnly, before breaking into a predatory grin.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully it's a satisfying end. I had a heck of a time writing the darn thing.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!